**Hawk Roosting by Ted Hughes C:\Documents and Settings\barnardz-s\Local Settings\Temporary Internet Files\Content.IE5\1XUYGDLL\MC900030468[1].wmf**

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.  
Inaction, no falsifying dream  
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:  
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.  
  
The convenience of the high trees!  
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray  
Are of advantage to me;  
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.  
  
My feet are locked upon the rough bark.  
It took the whole of Creation  
To produce my foot, my each feather:  
Now I hold Creation in my foot  
  
Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -  
I kill where I please because it is all mine.  
There is no sophistry in my body:  
My manners are tearing off heads -  
  
The allotment of death.  
For the one path of my flight is direct  
Through the bones of the living.  
No arguments assert my right:  
  
The sun is behind me.  
Nothing has changed since I began.  
My eye has permitted no change.  
I am going to keep things like this.